

# The Fatal Dower

—OR—  
THE DESTRUCTION OF A PROUD SPIRIT.

**SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.**—Margaret Howard, on the eve of departure to join her secretly married husband, leaves her child with Susan Rivers and is crowned at sea. Susan rears the child, Daisy, as her own, and dies. Her daughter, Margaret, alone knows Daisy's secret. Lord Lisle seeks his child, and Margaret, taking Daisy's birthright, announces herself his daughter. She falls in love with his nephew, Philip. Daisy, Lord Lisle's true daughter, joins her foster-sister.

## CHAPTER XV.

The sight that greeted Rita on her return from the ball was not a pleasant one. Philip sat between Daisy and Lord Lisle; they all three looked very happy, and were laughing heartily at some of Lord Carew's adventures.

She weighed every word of Philip's greeting to herself; it was kind, even affectionate, but there was not that which she longed to hear.

"I do not find Lord Lisle looking very well," said Philip to his cousin on the day following his arrival. "He seems weak and ill. Have you noticed any change in him?"

"No," she replied; "perhaps the climate does not suit him."

Philip shook his head gravely.

"I fear it is something more serious than that," he said. "I cannot forget some words I overheard him say to your foster-sister last evening. I do not like the worn expression of his face. The troubles of his early life made him old before his time."

"He is happy now," she said. "Yes, he is happy," said Philip. "The one aim of his life is accomplished; he has found the child whose loss nearly killed him. Perhaps this may be the reaction after too great a mental strain."

But Lord Lisle did not recover either health or strength, and Rita was the first to propose their return home.

The suggestion was soon acted upon, and by easy stages they were all once more happily gathered within the cheerful room of Lisle Court.

The ailing master was pleased to be once more at home—pleased to see his mother's gentle face; but it was evident to all who knew and loved him that Lord Lisle had not long to live. The knowledge of this brought a keen, sharp pang to Daisy's heart; to Rita it gave a sense of relief that she could hardly define.

For many long weeks after their return they watched him fade slowly and surely. There came to him no violence or pain; life and strength ebbed gently away. The most learned physicians in England stood by his bedside and did battle with grim King Death. But he was not to be baffled; he had marked his prey. During those long, sad autumn weeks two events happened, Philip Lisle fell deeply in love with Daisy; and Rita found that without him life and all it held was empty and dreary.

Has nature no voice, no keen, unerring instinct? What was it drew Daisy, hour after hour, to that sick-bed? Lord Lisle took all his medicine and all his food from her, Rita looking on with calm indifference. She was his acknowledged daughter and heiress. All matters of love and sentiment were of no consideration.

Daisy stole gently into his room and watched while he slept. Daisy sought the rarest fruit, prepared the richest cordials. As his strength declined, and the long night hours brought but little rest, she sung, in that low, clear voice, the songs he loved and hushed him to rest.

When death came very near it was Daisy who knelt by his side and said the prayers her mother taught her; it was she who read sweet, solemn words, full of rest, peace and hope.

And then, in her heart, Lord Lisle's mother would wish this fair, gentle girl were her son's child, in-

stead of the proud, hearty beauty who looked on so calmly as he suffered.

Death was drawing nearer. One night Daisy, watching by Lord Lisle's side, read to him until his eyes closed and he fell asleep. She dreaded awakening him. The gray autumn evening closed in; the firelight danced fitfully in strange shadows on the walls; the lamp stood upon a table near, but she would not move lest the sound should wake the sick man.

He slept calmly for a short time, then a moaning cry came from his lips. She bent over, whispering some gentle words, laying her hands upon the damp brow. She was startled to find his eyes wide open and fixed upon her face.

"Margaret," he said, "are you come to me at last? My darling wife, I have pined and died for you."

"You are dreaming," said Daisy, gently. "Do you not know me? I am Daisy Rivers."

A gleam of recognition at once came into his eyes.

"Who was it whispered to me?" he asked. "It was not you; it was Margaret—my wife. I knew her voice. It was just the same tone in which she bade me farewell. Ah, Daisy, you did not see her, but she has been near me."

Nor could she convince him to the contrary. Believing it to be the delusion of a dying man, she did not contradict him.

"She has been near me," he said, "and I heard her voice. Before the sun sets to-morrow I shall have joined her. Daisy, call my mother, and tell Philip I want to see him now—at once!"

Daisy was alarmed at the gray pallor that fell over his face. In a few minutes Mrs. Wyverne was by his side, and Philip soon joined her.

"Mother," he said, "my wife has been to summon me. Do not leave me again. I want to see Philip quite alone. Come back after that and bring Rita with you."

They were left together—the prematurely old man, whose life was rapidly closing, and his young heir, whose future lay all before him.

Philip knelt by his uncle's side. The bright, dying eyes were fixed intently upon his face.

"Philip," said Lord Lisle, "you are my heir, and I have loved you dearly, as though you had been my own son. You care much for me, I believe. Living, I have been kind and indulgent to you; dying, I ask you a favor. Grant it, and my blessing will follow you through life. Refuse it, and I shall die unhappy."

"My dear uncle," cried Philip, "I would do anything for you."

"Remember your words," he continued, with a faint smile. "I shall put them to the proof. I ask you to do what some men would be proud, beyond all words, to do. Philip, when I am dead and buried—when the time for mourning is past and gone, will you promise me to marry my darling Rita?"

In the hushed silence of that room the words fell clear and distinct; they smote Philip Lisle like the blow of a sharp sword. How could he marry Rita when he loved Daisy with all his heart?

"She is very beautiful," continued Lord Lisle, wistfully, "and very clever. She will be my heiress. What more can you want, Philip?"

What more? The words sounded like bitter sarcasm. Trying to recover himself, Philip said:

"But, my dear uncle, it is quite possible, you know, that Rita may not be willing. She may care for some one else."

"Ah, no!" said Lord Lisle. "Bend lower, Philip; let me whisper something to you. People see things more clearly when they come to die. Philip, my daughter loves you. I know it. One day I found it out. She wept bitterly when you seemed indifferent to her. In her passion of

grief, she cried out that she loved you better than her life."

"Is it possible?" cried Philip Lisle, in astonishment.

"It is true," replied Lord Lisle. "I tell you her secret. You are a Lisle and a gentleman; it is safe with you. I know how those of my race love, how fatally and how well. Lying here on my death bed, my daughter's secret troubles me. She has not been very happy, poor child! Oh, Philip, make it up to her! Promise to love and care for her. Promise to make her your dear honored wife!"

But Philip had no words. With those pleading, dying eyes fixed so wistfully upon him, he could sooner have plunged a sword in his own heart than have said "No." Still, he did not love her and never could.

"For her dead mother's sake!" pleaded the faint voice. "Let me be able to say, when I meet her, that our child is happy."

Still no answer came from Philip. There was a fierce struggle in his heart, a mighty tumult that bereft him of all words.

Suddenly, upon his hands, he felt warm tears fall, and the pale lips quivered like the lips of a grieving child.

"My only child, Philip!" said Lord Lisle, "my only one!"

Old and sorrowful, weeping and dying, Philip could not withstand it. Had Lord Lisle asked for his life then, he would have given it more cheerfully by far than he gave the promise that wrecked the happiness of his life.

"Hush, my dear uncle," he said; "it shall be as you wish. I promise to make Rita my wife."

A look of relief and pleasure passed over the dying face.

"God bless you, my dear boy!" he said. "I shall die happy now! I leave my darling in good hands. You will be kind to Daisy," he continued; "let her live here with my mother until she marries."

"I will be kind to Daisy," said Philip, hoarsely. He had not the courage to refuse his uncle's last wishes; he could not turn a deaf ear to the faint, pleading voice, yet the giving of that promise made him so wretched he would gladly have changed places with the man whose last hour had come.

At Lord Lisle's wish he summoned Rita and Mrs. Wyverne.

"Rita," said Lord Lisle, "let me speak to you while I have strength. Philip will tell you all we have arranged. You are to be his wife, my darling."

Philip never forgot the startled joy and happiness that came into her face; it was a new revelation to him.

"Take her in your arms, Philip," said Lord Lisle; "tell her you will fill my place."

Philip bent over his cousin; her beautiful face, softened and full of tenderness as he had never seen it before, was raised to his; he touched her brow with his lips.

"I will take care of you, Rita," he said gently.

It was not a very enthusiastic wooing; there was no rapture on

**Piles**  
To prove to you that Dr. Chase's Ointment is a certain and absolute cure for each and every form of itching, bleeding and protruding piles, the manufacturers have guaranteed it. See testimonials in the daily press and ask your neighbors what they think of it. You can use it and get your money back if not cured. Get a box at all dealers or EDMANSON, BATES & Co., Toronto.

Philip's face as he looked upon the girl he had promised to make his wife.

Two hours afterward, when the great change came and Mrs. Wyverne summoned Rita, she shrank from the sight of death. She went back to her room, and knelt with her face buried in her hands.

Lord Lisle died with his head pillowed on Daisy's arm; his eyes, unto the last, lingered on her face. He was confused in that hour, and thought she was Margaret, his lost wife, come to fetch him.

A week of gloom and sorrow followed; the great house was hushed and still; the sunshine was not allowed to visit it; people spoke in low, hushed whispers; for he who had been the loved and honored master lay dead there.

The day of the funeral came at last—a day of pouring rain. The long black procession wound its way through the dripping trees; even nature seemed to weep as Lord Lisle was laid down to rest.

## ANOTHER HAPPY MOTHER.

Tells How Her Baby of Eight Months Profited by Wise Treatment.

Teething time is the critical age in a child's life. Any slight disorder in the stomach or bowels at that time greatly increases the peevishness of the little one and may have serious and even fatal results. It is impossible to take too great care of your baby's health during this period, and no better remedy than Baby's Own Tablets is known for the minor ailments of childhood. Among the mothers who have proved the worth of this medicine is Mrs. R. McMaster, Cookstown, Ont. Her little baby girl was suffering from the combined trials of indigestion, constipation and teething, and the mother's strength was severely taxed by the continuous care the child needed. A box of Baby's Own Tablets, however, made such an improvement that Mrs. McMaster is now enthusiastic in their praise. "It gives me great pleasure to testify to the value of Baby's Own Tablets," she writes. "My baby of eight months was much troubled with constipation and indigestion and was very restless at night. I procured a box of Baby's Own Tablets, and the results were so satisfactory that I have not used any other medicine since. My baby girl is now regular and healthy, and getting her teeth seems much easier, and she rests a great deal better. These Tablets are a great help to little ones when teething."

Baby's Own Tablets are guaranteed to contain no opiate or other harmful drug. They produce natural sleep, because they regulate the stomach and bowels and comfort the nerves. They promptly cure such troubles as colic, sour stomach, constipation, diarrhoea, worms, indigestion and simple fever. They break up colds, prevent croup, and allay the irritation accompanying the cutting of teeth. Dissolved in water, they can be given with absolute safety to the youngest infant. Sold by all druggists, or sent postpaid at 25 cents a box, by addressing the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont. Free sample sent on application. Mention this paper.

After the funeral was over the will was read in the library. The three ladies were summoned; Mr. Kent, the lawyer, and a few friends of the family, were there. It was a just and equitable will, leaving, as a matter of course, to Philip the entailed estate of Lisle Court and the income derived from it. To his dearly loved child, Margaret Lisle, was bequeathed the three estates of Helmsmeir, Endsleigh, and Thorne. To his mother the late lord left a handsome income, and the same to Daisy. The annuity paid to Mrs. Ferne and Mrs. Markham was to be continued. All old servants and dependents were remembered.

As she listened to the lawyer's monotonous tones, Rita sat like one in a dream. The end and aim of her life was accomplished. Her fraud had succeeded; there could be no more danger—no more fear of discovery.

There was much to arrange. At Lord Lisle's urgent request Mrs. Wyverne consented to remain for some time at least, at Lisle Court. Rita and Daisy were to remain with her. Philip himself had had business in Scotland, and when all plans were settled to everybody's satisfaction he went there.

After the year of mourning had passed it was Mrs. Wyverne's intention to take the two young girls to London for the season. It was high time that Rita made her debut; she was to be presented at the birthday drawing-room, and the elder lady predicted for her grandchild a series of brilliant triumphs.

When the time came, Daisy, much to Mrs. Wyverne's surprise, steadily refused to make any grand debut in the gay world.

"I will go to London with you, dear madame," she said. "The truth is, I could not bear to be parted from you; but I think it would be absurd for me to attempt to share the honors and privileges that are Rita's by right of birth. It is only through Lord Lisle's bounty that I am even what I am. I have no claim to more. I do not forget that I am of lowly birth and station."

Rita, who heard her sister's reasons, said no word. In her heart she was pleased to be saved from the continual presence of one whom she felt would be a formidable rival.

(To Be Continued.)

## A NICE SORT OF GIRL.

Paris boasts some of the most audacious thieves in the world, but a robbery just carried out at Vincennes, near Paris, was really a masterpiece. A handsome, well-dressed young woman knocked at the door of a villa, and begged protection from the master against three evil-looking men whom she declared were following her. The gentleman readily complied, and escorted the lady almost to the house where she said she lived. What was his surprise on returning home to find his house had been entered and thoroughly ransacked during his absence. It is fully believed by the police that the woman was acting in concert with the men, as no one answering to her description lived at the address given.

Shipping representing a record total of about 1,732,000 tons was launched from private shipyards in the United Kingdom last year. Only 58,000 tons represented sailing vessels.



CHILD'S FRENCH DRESS.  
4 to 10 Years.

The long-waisted dress known as the French model, suits little girls to a nicety, and is in the height of present styles. The very pretty example shown is made of nainsook with yoke and trimming of fine needlework and is worn with a ribbon sash; but all washable materials are equally appropriate, while cashmere, henrietta, albatross and simple silks are all in vogue for heavier frocks.

The waist is made over a fitted lining onto which the yoke is faced, but which can be cut away to yoke depth when a transparent effect is desired. The full portion is gathered at both upper and lower edges, but the waist and lining close together at the centre back. The sleeves are in bishop style with pointed cuffs, and over the shoulders, finishing the edge of the yoke, is a pointed bertha that suits childish figures admirably well. At the neck is a standing collar. The skirt is circular and flares freely and gracefully at the lower portion while the upper edge is joined to the skirt, the seam being concealed by the sash.

To cut this dress for a child of 8 years of age, 5½ yards of material 21 inches wide, 5 yards 27 inches wide, 4½ yards 32 inches wide, or 3½ yards 44 inches wide will be required, with ¼ yards of all-over lace embroidery, 3 of edging and 2¼ yards of insertion to trim as illustrated.

## THE DOCTOR'S CONSCIENCE.

A famous London physician had a large practice, and it was his pride and boast that he could feel a patient's pulse, sound him with a stethoscope, write a prescription, and pocket a fee in a space of time varying from three to five minutes.

One day a man was shown into the consulting room and was rapidly examined. At the conclusion he shook hands with the doctor and said—

"I am especially glad to meet you as I have often heard my father, Colonel—, speak of his old friend, Dr.—."

## THE SPRING FEELING.

VARIABLE SPRING WEATHER  
DISASTROUS TO WEAK  
PEOPLE.

Even Usually Robust People Feel Run Down and Out of Sorts at This Time—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Are the Very Best Spring Tonic.

The spring months are a trying time to most people. At no other time of the year do health and strength seem so hard to gain and to hold. You do not feel that you are really sick, but you feel about as bad as you could if you were seriously ill. That feeling ought to be got rid of—and it can be. What you need is a tonic to enrich the blood and free it from the impurities which have lodged in your system during the winter, and which are responsible for your present condition. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is the only reliable, never-failing tonic medicine. These pills make new, rich blood strengthen the nerves and bring health and vitality to every organ in the body. They are an ideal spring medicine and the best thing in the world for all diseases having their origin in impoverished or impure blood. The case of Miss Belle Coon, White Rock Mills, N. S., is a strong corroboration of these statements. She says: "Three years ago this spring I was very much run down. The least exertion exhausted me. I seemed to lose ambition and a feeling of languor and sluggishness took its place. My appetite failed me and my sleep at nights was disturbed and restless. In fact I was in a pitiable condition. After trying two or three medicines without benefit, I began the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and they speedily worked a change for the better and by the time I had used a half dozen boxes I felt stronger than I had done for years. I have since used the pills in the spring and I find them an excellent tonic."

Because of their thorough and prompt action on the blood and nerves these little pills speedily cure anaemia, rheumatism, sciatica, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, scrofula and eruptions of the skin, erysipelas, kidney and liver troubles and the functional ailments which make the lives of so many women a source of constant misery. Other so-called tonic pills are mere imitations of this sterling remedy. Get the genuine with the full name "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People" on the wrapper around every box. Sold by all medicine dealers or sent postpaid at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 by addressing The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

# The Conductor's Second Letter

Confirms His Cure of Two Years Ago, and Proves that it was Permanent  
—Warm Words of Praise for Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills.

Many readers of this paper, and especially railroaders, will remember the cure of C. P. R. Conductor Berryman, of St. Stephen, N. B. In a letter received last week the conductor states that he is real well, and that his cure, after ten years of suffering with kidney disease, is permanent, not having had a touch of his old trouble for two years.

Mr. Berryman's case was such a severe one, and his cure so remarkable, that many write to ask him about it. He never tires of recommending Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, but, on the contrary, is glad of an opportunity to tell fellow-sufferers how he was cured.

In his letter of April 14, 1900 in which his case is described, Conductor Berryman wrote:—  
"I have been railroading for 23 years, and for ten years suffered from a severe case of kidney disease and backache, a trouble common to railroad men. It used me all up to walk, and after walking up hill I would have to lie down to get relief, my back was so bad. I could not sleep more than half the night, and then didn't seem to get any rest."

"I had used all sorts of medicines and was pretty badly discouraged when I heard of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. After using two boxes of this treatment I found it was helping me, and five boxes have made a complete cure. I now rest and sleep well, my back is strong, and the old trouble has entirely disappeared. Many people to whom I have recommended these pills have been cured. Anyone wishing further particulars write me."

There is no doubting the efficiency of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills as a thorough cure for backache, kidney disease, and liver complaint. They have a direct action on the kidneys, liver and bowels, which is bound to strengthen, invigorate, and regulate these organs. One pill a dose, 25 cents a box, At all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates and Co., Toronto.